

McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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body knows me for an unbeliever—as my father was before me. Everybody will be sure to say I am a rank hypocrite—pretending to care for finding and saving my soul.

Blacklock, a spanking Highfiver chestnut who could go like the wind, though even his owner admitted he could hardly stay the route. At the very end, Roxane, her silver mane like the blood of ribbons, her tail streaming plume-wise and glistening in the sun. She held her head low under a free, almost a loose rein. Shanky Lawson's black body servant, rode her, as he did in nearly all her exercise gallops. She moved a little heavily. Commonly she was quick as a cat. She never shook the head and agreed instantly that she was overtrained—she could never win

After the first mile the racers ran stride for stride. They swung to the turns and swept the stretches like a double team. Now the one, now the other, drew a little away, only to drop back in company before she had run fifty yards. Blue Bonnet no longer champ'd a foaming bit. Roxane's white flanks were stained with red, and reeked a little. Both were emulously full of running. They held their heads low, mouths slightly open, ears combatively laid back, ready to savage at the least slackening of reins.

Of shiny Clubs, and parti-colored Hose;
Of tartan Cap upon an alien Head.

He fares no better who is thus arrayed;
His Shame is greater when he low is laid,
Why trowl, in shabby dress, and shabby rent,
By Rye and Hand and Club must be obeyed.

Why such a Pother o'er a paltry Game?
Why trowl long Miles on Miles, and call by Name
On all your Gods? for nothing but to find
That Out and Back in Eightscore Strokes you came

Better sit snugly in some Quiet Place;
Foreswear the Pastime of the Scottish Race.
Life is too short to spend it on the Links;
Ye are not young, and Death speeds on apace.

tion is worth five millions sterling is to put a moderate estimate upon its value. But as

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the sun;
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of the coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and grateful mood,
And far-est thought of civil good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea

are the most obstinate, perverse man I ever saw."

Mrs. Kim—"What have I done now?"

Peter—"Why, I have had that new cough mixture in the house a month and you haven't once caught cold."

The Heart of the Tree.

From the Century.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
He shafts of light and gladness by;
He plants a home to heaven nigh
For song and mother-noon of bird
In bushed and banded twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and food of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the land,
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of the world to come,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in shade and sun and wood,
In love of home and locality,
And far-and thought of civil good—
His blessing on the growth of all
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.